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*ATIN LOVE POEMS*





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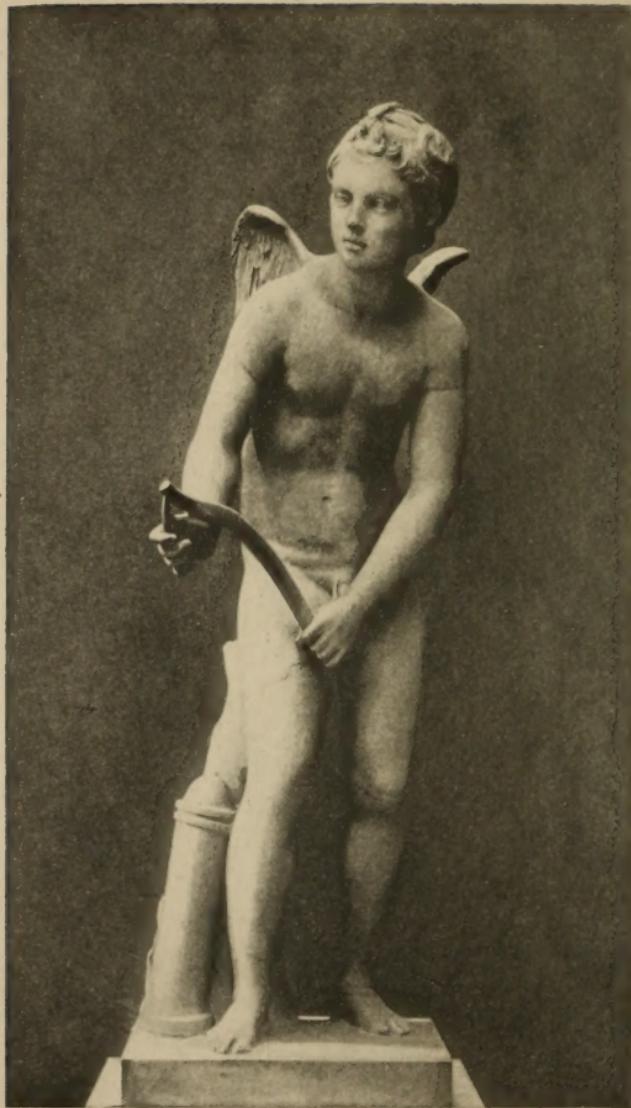
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# LOVE POEMS

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY

J. M. KRAUSE

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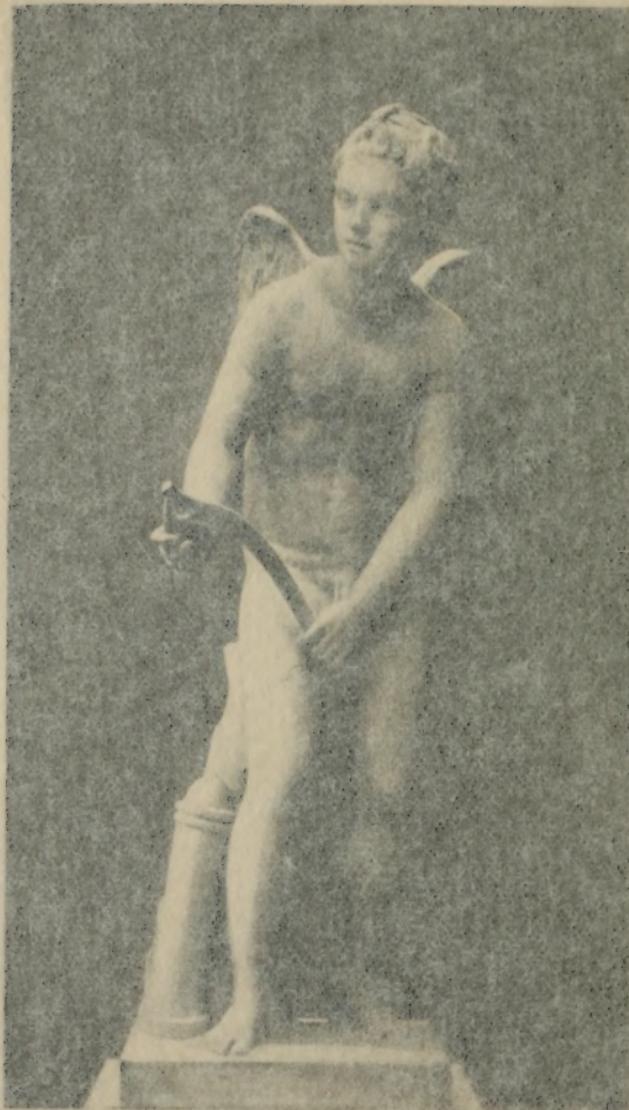


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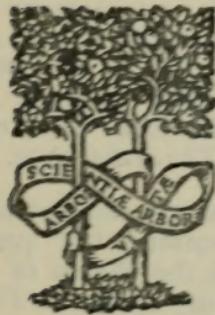
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## **Greek Love Songs and Epigrams**

TRANSLATED BY

J. A. POTT.

“Lovers of the Greek Anthology could wish for no pleasanter companion to their Palatine text than this exquisite little volume of translations.”—*The Athenæum*.

“For the translations as a whole we have nothing but praise; over them all is the charm of the seventeenth century Lyric.”—*The Glasgow Herald*.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH,  
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*TO*

*WATSON SURRE*

*WITH THE LOVE OF A LIFE-TIME*

MY only excuse for offering new versions of poems often before translated, lies in the hope that, as they are love poems only, they may fall into the hands of some as yet unacquainted with them, and who, therefore, may feel a fresh interest in the sweet Singers of the Past, realising that though their language may be classed among the dead, yet the emotion which prompted their utterances lives, and the heart of man still answers to man across the centuries which lie between.

My thanks are especially due to Professor Postgate for many kind and invaluable suggestions, also to the Rev. Thomas Davidson of Vienna, for his unfailing help and sympathetic encouragement.

J. M. KRAUSE.

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I

CATULLUS

A

## III

LUGETE, o Veneres Cupidinesque  
et quantum est hominum venustiorum.  
passer mortuus est meae puellae,  
passer, deliciae meae puellae,  
quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :  
nam mellitus erat suamque norat  
ipsam tamen bene quam puella matrem,  
nec sese a gremio illius movebat,  
sed circumsiliens modo huc modo illuc  
ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.  
qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum  
illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.  
at vobis male sit, malae tenebrae  
Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis :  
tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.  
o factum male, io miselle passer,  
tua nunc opera meae puellae  
flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

## LESBIA'S SPARROW

YE powers of Love and Joy, come weep,  
Ye who a heart for Beauty keep !  
For dead my sweetheart's sparrow lies—  
The darling she had learned to prize  
Dearer than e'en her very eyes !

As child its loving mother, so  
This sweet bird did its mistress know ;  
Nor from her lap would it away,  
But hopping round, here, there, in play,  
To her alone it piped its lay.

Now it must take that pathway dread  
Which no returning feet e'er tread.  
Shame ! Hateful shades of Death and Night  
Devouring all things fair and bright,  
Snatching my pretty bird from sight !

O evil deed ! With weeping, see  
Swollen and red my Love's eyes be !  
Woe, poor wee sparrow, 'tis for thee !

## V

VIVAMUS mea Lesbia atque amemus,  
rumoresque senum severiorum  
omnes unius aestimemus assis.  
soles occidere et redire possunt :  
nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,  
nox est perpetua una dormienda.  
da mi basia mille, deinde centum,  
dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,  
deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.  
dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,  
conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,  
aut ne quis malus invidere possit,  
cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

## TO LESBIA

My Lesbia, let us love and live,  
And count a farthing price too great  
For all that solemn grey-beards prate !  
The suns that set again may rise,  
But we, when sinks our little light,  
Shall sleep in one perpetual night.  
To me, then, thousand kisses give,  
A hundred and a thousand more,  
Again a thousand as before.  
A hundred yet, and when my prize  
Is myriads, we'll confuse the score,  
That o'er the sum we do not know  
No envious man his blight can throw.

## VII

QUAERIS, quot mihi basiationes  
tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque.  
quam magnus numerus Libyssae harenae  
laserpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,  
oraculum Iovis inter aestuosi  
et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum ;  
aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,  
furtivos hominum vident amores :  
tam te basia multa basiare  
vesano satis et super Catullo est,  
quae nec pernumerare curiosi  
possint, nec mala fascinare lingua.

## TO LESBIA

You ask how many kisses, Dear, I think  
enough for me ?

Tell me how many sands there are beside the  
Libyan Sea,

Where by the desert shrine of Jove Cyrenian  
gum-plants bloom,

And ancient Battus lies asleep within his  
sacred tomb ;

Tell me how many stars look down when  
silent is the night,

Beholding sweet and human love and hidden  
dear delight ;

Then give Catullus, lover mad, as many as  
these be,

Ere he will say—" They are enough, more  
than enough for me."

No envious eye shall pry on us, or number up  
the sum,

And evil tongue that would bewitch shall  
be for ever dumb.

## LI

ILLE mi par esse deo videtur,  
 ille, si fas est, superare divos,  
 qui sedens adversus identidem te  
 spectat et audit  
 dulce ridentem, misero quod omnes  
 eripit sensus mihi ; nam simul te,  
 lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi  
 . . . . .  
 lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus  
 flamma demanat, sonitu suopte  
 tintinant aures, gemina teguntur  
 lumina nocte.

## LI (B)

otium, Catulle, tibi molestum est ;  
 otio exsultas nimiumque gestis.  
 otium et reges prius et beatas  
 perdidit urbes.

## TO LESBIA

As a peer of the gods he seems to me,  
Surpassing them even, if such might be,  
Who may sit at thy side and gaze on thee,

Hear thy laughter sweet.

Woe is me ! for this snatches my senses  
away !

A glance at thee, Lesbia, straight will slay  
All I am ; nought survives (my lips cannot  
say,

The words that are meet !).

My tongue becomes palsied, a thrill as of  
flame

Passes adown my quivering frame,  
Sounds ring in my ears, twofold night then  
doth claim

My eyes as its seat.

Your bane, O Catullus, is ease over great ;  
In ease, uncontrolled and wild is your  
state ;

Ease e'er now ruined kings, made towns  
desolate

Once with riches replete !

## CIX

IUCUNDUM, mea vita, mihi proponis amorem  
hunc nostrum inter nos perpetuumque  
fore.

dii magni, facite ut vere promittere possit  
atque id sincere dicat et ex animo,  
ut liceat nobis tota perducere vita  
aeternum hoc sanctae foedus amicitiae.

## TO LESBIA

PROMISE of perfect love, which ne'er shall  
fade,

You set, dear Life, before my longing eyes.  
This to fulfil, grant her, great gods, your aid,  
Make from her soul these words sincerely rise.  
Our holy bond of love shall then stand sure,  
Untouched by time, through life itself  
endure.

## LXX

NULLI se dicit mulier mea nubere malle  
quam mihi, non si se Iuppiter ipse petat.  
dicit : sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti  
in vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.

## TO LESBIA

My Mistress says she will none other wed  
Than me,  
Though Jupiter himself her suitor high  
Should be.  
She *says*—but words to eager lover said  
By woman fair,  
Are writ in rushing streams or winds that  
die  
In air !

## LXXXVII

NULLA potest mulier tantum se dicere amatam  
vere, quantum a me, Lesbia, amata, mea,  
es.  
nulla fides ullo fuit unquam foedere tanta,  
quanta in amore tuo ex parte reperta mea  
est.

## TO LESBIA

No woman e'er could boast herself, I ween,  
Lesbia, so greatly loved as thou hast been !  
Never could faith in compact holier be,  
More sacred than my lover's vow to me.

## LXXV

Huc est mens deducta tua, mea Lesbia,  
culpa,  
atque ita se officio perdidit ipsa suo,  
ut iam nec bene velle queat tibi, si optima  
fias,  
nec desistere amare, omnia si facias.

## TO LESBIA

BROUGHT so far, Lesbia, by thy fatal spell,  
Ruined, undone by my devotion great,  
Becam'st thou good, I could not wish thee  
    well,  
Nor, if thou did'st the worst, my love abate.

## LXXXV

ODI et amo : quare id faciam, fortasse  
requiris.  
nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

I HATE, yet love ! You ask how this can be ?  
I only know its truth and agony.

## VIII

MISER Catulle, desinas ineptire,  
et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.  
fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles,  
cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat  
amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.  
ibi illa multa tum iocosa fiebant,  
quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat.  
fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.  
nunc iam illa non vult : tu quoque, inpotens,  
noli,  
nec quae fugit sectare, nec miser vive,  
sed obstinata mente perfer, obdura.  
vale, puella. iam Catullus obdurat,  
nec te requiret nec rogabit invitam :  
at tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nulla.  
scelestia, vae te ! quae tibi manet vita !  
quis nunc te adibit ? cui videberis bella ?  
quem nunc amabis ? cuius esse diceris ?  
quem basiabis ? cui labella mordebis ?  
at tu, Catulle, destinatus obdura.

## TO LESBIA

Poor Catullus ! cease thy hopeless folly ;  
Gone the past, none can recall the dead !  
Once thy way was in the gleaming sunlight,  
Thou wert always where thy mistress led.  
Was there ever woman loved so fondly ?  
Oh, the happy, sportive jests of yore,  
She not loth, and thou delighting more !  
Once thy way was in the radiant sunlight ;  
Now she wearies—say, what canst thou do ?  
Pine no more for things beyond thy having ;  
Her, the flying, seek not to pursue—  
Steel thy heart, be strong and be enduring.  
Stern Catullus grows, so farewell, dear.  
He will plead not, beg not the unwilling—  
It will grieve thee no request to hear.  
Woe, accrû'd one ! what will life now bring  
thee ?  
Who thy friend ? To whom wilt thou seem  
fair ?  
Whose now art thou, whom wilt thou be  
loving,  
Whose lips press in rapture long and rare ?  
Cease, Catullus ! Steel thy heart—beware !

## LXXVI

SIQUA recordanti benefacta priora voluptas  
est homini, cum se cogitat esse pium,  
nec sanctam violasse fidem nec foedere in ullo  
divum ad fallendos numine abusum  
homines,  
multa parata manent in longa aetate,  
Catulle,  
ex hoc ingrato gaudia amore tibi.  
nam quaecumque homines bene cuiquam aut  
dicere possunt  
aut facere, haec a te dictaque factaque  
sunt;  
omnia quae ingratae perierunt credita menti.  
quare iam te cur amplius excrucies?  
quin tu animo offiras atque istinc teque  
reducis  
et diis invitis desinis esse miser?  
difficile est longum subito deponere amorem:  
difficile est, verum hoc qualibet efficias.  
una salus haec est, hoc est tibi pervincendum;  
hoc facias, sive id non pote, sive pote.

## RENUNCIATION

IF gladness come to him who calls to mind  
His upright walk, his kindly deeds of old,  
No violated trust, nor gods as blind  
Invoked, in false agreement men to hold ;  
Then from this thankless love thou too shalt  
    find

Joys, O Catullus, that shall never fade,  
For all of kindness men can do or say  
This hast thou done. Alas ! all unrepaid  
From mind ungrateful it has passed away.  
Why suffer further torment ? Call to aid  
A courage stern. If gods give not consent,  
Then turn thee hence and cease from vain  
    lament !

To lay the long love down is hard indeed ;  
'Tis hard, but at all costs it must be done ;  
Here lies the one salvation in thy need,  
The victory great that by thee must be won ;  
This do ; whether thou can'st or not, ne'er  
    heed.

O dii, si vestrum est misereri, aut si quibus  
unquam  
extremam iam ipsa in morte tulistis opem,  
me miserum aspicite, et, si vitam puriter egi,  
eripite hanc pestem perniciemque mihi,  
quae mihi subrepens imos, ut torpor in artus  
expulit ex omni pectore laetitias.  
non iam illud quaero, contra ut me diligit  
illa,  
aut, quod non potis est, esse pudica velit :  
ipse valere opto et taetrum hunc deponere  
morbum.  
o dii, reddite mi hoc pro pietate mea.

Ye gods ! If pity be your attribute,  
If help ye bring to those on death's dark  
verge,  
Behold me in compassion and uproot  
This evil, kill this canker, while I urge  
My blameless life, with supplication mute !  
Alas ! with numbing force the stealthy foe  
Has crept to the recesses of my heart,  
Banishing joy and bringing nought but woe !  
I ask no more for love upon her part,  
For constancy, which she can never know ;  
I ask for strength this dread disease to quell—  
Grant it, ye gods, for I have served you well.



II

HORACE

## LIB. I

## CARMEN V

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?  
cui flavam religas comam,

simplex munditiis ? heu quoties fidem  
mutatosque deos flebit et aspera  
nigris aequora ventis  
emirabitur insolens,

qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea ;  
qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem  
sperat, nescius aurae,  
fallacis. miseri, quibus

intentata nites ! me tabula sacer  
votiva paries indicat uvida  
suspendisse potenti  
vestimenta maris deo.

## TO PYRRHA

WHAT scented slender youth 'mid roses fair  
In pleasant grotto, Pyrrha, courts thee now ?

For whom that red-gold hair

Dost simply bind from brow

With graceful art ? Ah, often will he weep  
O'er faith and gods that change, and, new as  
yet,

Marvel when placid deep

Black winds to roughness fret.

Too trusting, now as gold he joys in thee,  
Hopes thou wilt ever be heart-free and sweet,

Nor knows how breezes be

Inconstant. Woe who meet

Thy bright gleams, thee untried ! For me,  
all wet

My garments I have hung to God who sways  
The sea ; the tablet set  
In temple shows my praise !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sailors who had escaped shipwreck often dedicated their garments to Neptune with a tablet or picture of the event.

## LIB. I

## CARMEN IX

VIDES, ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte, nec iam sustineant onus  
silvae laborantes geluque  
flumina constiterint acuto.

dissolve frigus ligna super foco  
large reponens, atque benignius  
deprime quadrum Sabina,  
o Thaliarche, merum diota.

permitte divis cetera, qui simul  
stravere ventos aequore fervido  
deproeliantes, nec cupressi  
nec veteres agitantur orni.

quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere et,  
quem Fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro  
appone, nec dulces amores  
sperne puer neque tu choreas,

SEE, white with snow Soracte gleams !

The forests neath their burden bow,  
And motionless the rushing streams  
Are held in icy fetters now.

Pile on the logs, dispel the cold ;

Feastmaster, come and freely pour  
The mellow vintage four years old  
From Sabine jar, our treasured store ;

The rest leave to the gods above ;

When they have hushed on boiling seas  
The warring winds, no gale shall move  
The ancient ash or cypress-trees.

Why seek to know to-morrow's lot ?

What day is thine by gift of Chance  
Count that for gain. O Youth, spurn not  
Sweet loves, nor scorn the merry dance,

donec virenti canities abest  
morosa. nunc et campus et areae  
lenesque sub noctem susurri  
composita repetantur hora,  
  
nunc et latentis proditor intimo  
gratus puellae risus ab angulo  
pignusque dereptum lacertis  
aut digito male pertinaci.

While crabbèd aged still distant lies !  
Be thine the field, the playground wide,  
The whispered words, and soft replies  
At trysting hour of eventide.

From inmost nook the laugh of charm  
That hiding sweetheart doth betray,  
The pledge snatched from the rounded arm,  
Or finger that resists in play !

## LIB. I

## CARMEN XXII

INTEGER vitae scelerisque purus  
non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu  
nec venenatis grava sagittis,

Fusce, pharetra,  
sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas  
sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus  
lambit Hydaspes.

namque me silva lupus in Sabina,  
dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra  
terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
fugit inermem.

quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunias latis alit aesculetis,  
nec Iubae tellus generat, leonum  
arida nutrix.

THE man whose life from blame is free,  
Fuscus, no Moorish darts needs he,  
No poisoned arrows have to be

Within his quiver ;

Whether through Syrtes' foam he go,  
Or Caucasus' unfriendly snow,  
Or lands washed by Hydaspes' flow,  
That storied river !

In Sabine wood once straying wide,  
Me, all unarmed, a wolf espied,—  
He fled, while I in happy pride  
Sang “ Lalage ” !

Where warlike Daunia's forests spread,  
Beneath the oaks no beast so dread,  
The desert land of Juba bred  
None great as he.

pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
arbor aestiva recreatur aura,  
quod latus mundi nebulae malusque  
Iuppiter urget ;  
pone sub curru nimium propinqui  
solis in terra domibus negata :  
dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
dulce loquentem.

Place me in some dead, ice-bound plain,  
Where trees for soft winds long in vain,  
A clime whose sky with mist and rain  
Low'rs heavily,  
Or in a land which all men shun,  
Too near the chariot of the sun,  
I'll love my sweet-voiced radiant one,  
My Lalage !

## LIB. I

## CARMEN XXIII

VITAS hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,  
quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis  
matrem non sine vano  
aurarum et siluae metu.

nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit  
adventus foliis seu virides rubum  
dimovere lacertae,  
et corde et genibus tremit.

atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera  
Gaetulusve leo frangere persequor :  
tandem desine matrem  
tempestiva sequi viro.

Thou shun'st me, Chloë, as a fawn that flies  
To timid dam where pathless mountains rise,  
Of whispering winds afraid,  
Or stir in woodland glade ;

If shiver in the light hung leaves betray  
Glad spring's approach, or in the bramble's  
spray

Green lizards dart, fears make  
Her heart and knees to quake.

Yet I no lion am, nor tiger wild  
Who stalks to crush ; so leave thy mother,  
child,

The time has come for thee  
In lover's arms to be !

## LIB. I

## CARMEN XXX

O VENUS, regina Cnidi Paphique,  
sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis  
thure te multo Glycerae decoram  
transfer in aedem.

fervidus tecum puer et solutis  
Gratiae zonis properentque Nymphae  
et parum comis sine te Iuventas  
Mercuriusque.

## TO VENUS

VENUS, of Cnidos, Paphos, Queen,  
Lov'd Cyprus spurn ! Within the halls  
Where Glycera with sweet incense calls,  
    Oh, be thou seen !

Thine ardent boy must haste with thee,  
Ungirdled Graces, Nymphs, and Youth,  
Who lacking thee is poor, in sooth,  
    And Mercury !

## LIB. III

## CARMEN IX

DONEC gratus eram tibi  
 nec quisquam potior brachia candidae  
 cervici iuvenis dabat,  
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.

“ donec non alia magis  
 arsisti neque erat Lydia post Chloën,  
 multi Lydia nominis  
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia.”

me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,  
 dulces docta modos et citharae sciens,  
 pro qua non metuam mori,  
 si parcent animae fata superstiti.

“ me torret face mutua  
 Thurini Calais filius Ornyti,  
 pro quo bis patiar mori,  
 si parcent puero fata supersititi.”

HORACE.

WHEN I was all to you, and when  
No favour'd rival dared to fling  
His arms around your neck, why then  
Happier was I than Persian King !

LYDIA.

When you alone for me did glow,  
Nor Lydia gave to Chloë place,  
Greater renown did Lydia know  
Than Ilia famed, of Roman race !

HORACE.

Now own I Thracian Chloë's sway,  
Mistress of lute and measures sweet ;  
So Fates prolong my Darling's day,  
I will not fear with death to meet.

LYDIA.

For Thurian Calais I'm aflame  
Ornýtus' son, and he for me ;  
Twice would I die, from Fate to claim  
That longer here my Love might be !

quid, si prisca redit Venus  
diductosque iugo cogit aëneo,  
si flava excutitur Chloë  
reiectaeque patet ianua Lydiae ?

“ quamquan sidere pulchrior  
ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo  
iracundior Hadria,  
tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.”

HORACE.

What if the old Love should return,  
'Neath brazen yoke join hearts once  
more,  
And I the bright-hair'd Chloë spurn,  
To slighted Lydia ope the door ?

LYDIA.

Though fairer he than yon bright star,  
You light as cork, to wrath more prone  
Than stormy seas of Hadria are,—  
I'd live, I'd die with you alone !

## LIB. III

## CARMEN XXVI

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus  
et militavi non sine gloria ;  
nunc arma defunctumque bello  
barbiton hic paries habebit,  
  
laevum marinae qui Veneris latus  
custodit. hic, hic ponite lucida  
funalia et vectes et arcus  
oppositis foribus minaces.  
  
o quae beatam diva tenes Cyprum et  
Memphin carentem Sithonia nive,  
regina, sublimi flagello  
tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

## TO VENUS

TILL late my laurels I have won  
In lovers' lists as warrior bold ;—  
Now arms and lute whose work is done,  
This temple wall henceforth must hold,  
  
By sea-born Venus on her left ;  
So haste and hang the torches bright,  
Weapons that oft shut doors have cleft,  
Crow-bars and bows of many a fight.  
  
Queen, who in Cyprus fair dost live,  
In Memphis, far from Thracian snow  
Just lift thy whip, I pray, and give  
Disdainful Chloë one small blow !

## LIB IV

## CARMEN XI

Est mihi nonum superantis annum  
plenus Albani cadus ; est in horto,  
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis ;  
est hederae vis

multa, qua crines religata fulges ;  
ridet argento domus ; ara castis  
vincta verbenis avet immolato  
spargier agno ;

cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc  
cursitant mixtae pueris puellae ;  
sordidum flammae trepidant rotantes  
vertice fumum.

ut tamen noris quibus advoceris  
gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendae,  
qui dies mensem Veneris marinae  
findit Aprilem,

## TO PHYLLIS

AN unbroached cask I have nine years and  
more

Of wine Albanian, and a lavish store  
Within the garden, Phyllis, thou wilt find  
Of parsley green in coronals to bind.

No lack of ivy for thy hair to twine,  
That in an added beauty thou may'st shine ;  
The house with silver gleams, the altar chaste,  
With boughs bedeck'd, the victim calls in  
haste.

The busy slaves are running to and fro,  
Both boys and girls,—now here, now there  
they go !

The quivering flames leap up and whirl on  
high

The dusky smoke in eddies to the sky.

And dost thou ask why these rejoicings rare ?  
Know then,—these Ides with me I bid thee  
share

In this mid-April, month of Venus bright,  
The lovely goddess of the sea-foam white,

iure sollemnisi mihi sanctiorque  
paene natali proprio, quod ex hac  
luce Maecenas meus adfluentes  
ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit  
non tuae sortis invenem puella  
dives et lasciva tenetque grata  
compede vinctum.

terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras  
spes, et exemplum grave praebet ales  
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus  
Bellerophonem,

semper ut te digna sequare et ultra  
quam licet sperare nefas putando  
disparem vites. age iam, meorum  
finis amorum—

non enim posthac alia calebo  
femina—condisce modos, amanda  
voce quos reddas ; minuentur atrae  
carmine curae.

Because Maecenas from this self-same day  
Reckons the years that swiftly glide away ;  
More festive and more sacred thence to me  
Than natal day of mine could ever be !

For Telephus thou need'st no longer sigh,  
His fortune and his lot for thee too high ;  
A rich and wanton maiden holds him fast,  
Bound in love's fetters she has round him cast.

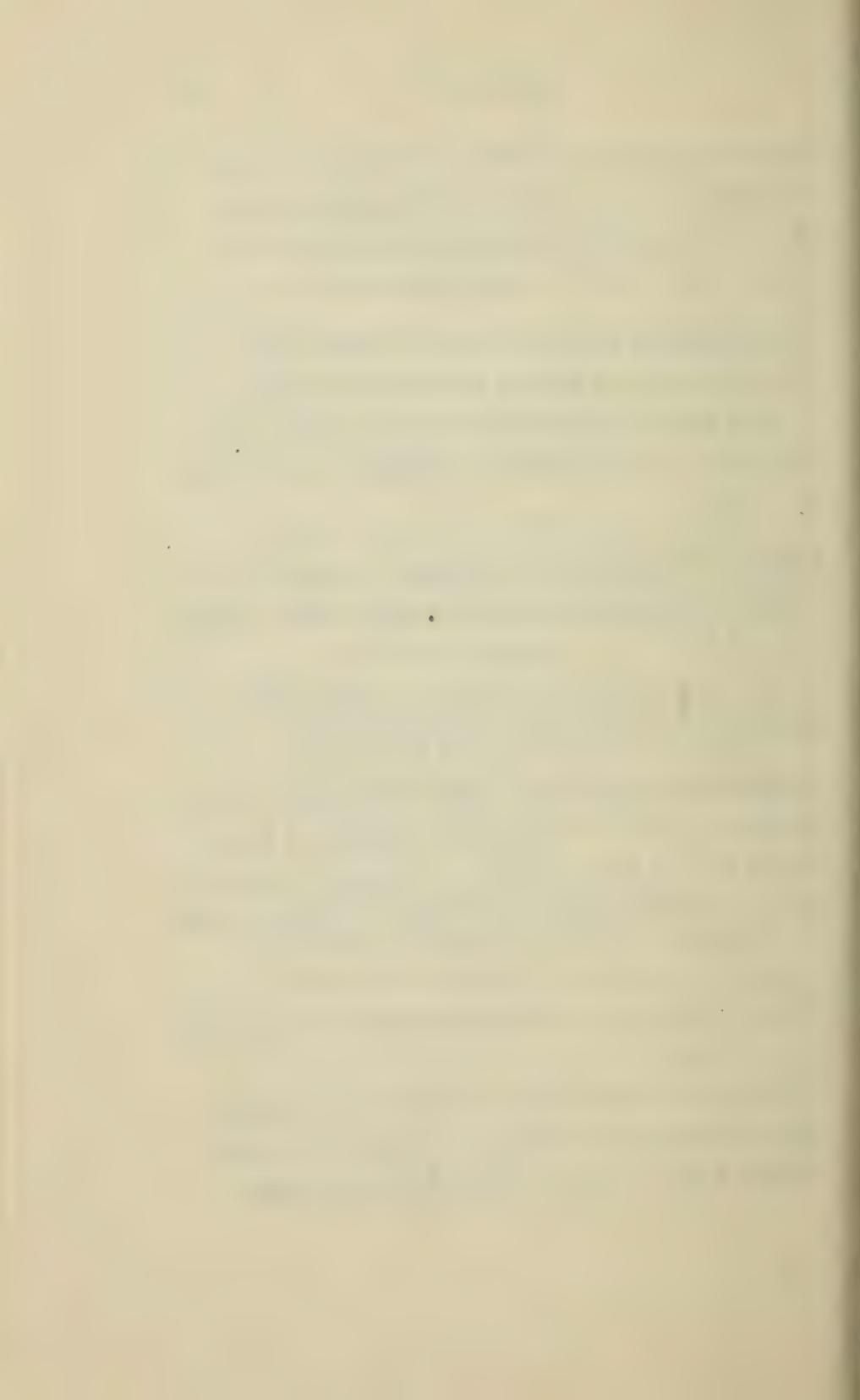
Charr'd Phaëthon should teach us to beware  
O'erweening hopes, in memory we should  
bear

How wingèd Pegasus flung off with scorn  
Bellerophon, aspiring but earth-born !

Seek then for thee some humbler, fitter mate !  
Impious it were to pass the bounds of fate.  
Thou last of all my loves ! Phyllis, I know  
Henceforth for none but thee my heart will  
glow !

Come, Dear, learn well the measures of my  
choice,

Sing them to me with thy caressing voice ;  
Black cares grow less and vanish far away,  
When song and music fill the happy day !



## TIBULLUS AND SULPICIA

## LIB. I

## I

41 Non ego diuitias patrum fructusque requiro,  
 quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo :  
 parva seges satis est ; satis est, requiescere  
 lecto  
 si licet et solito membra levare toro.  
 quam iuvat immites ventos audire cubantem  
 et dominam tenero continuisse sinu  
 aut, gelidas hibernus aquas cum fuderit  
 Auster,  
 securum somnos imbre iuvante sequi !  
 hoc mihi contingat : sit dives iure, furorem  
 qui maris et tristes ferre potest pluvias.  
 o ! quantum est auri pereat potiusque  
 smaragdi,  
 quam float ob nostras ulla puella vias.

57 non ego laudari curo, mea Delia : tecum  
 dum modo sim, quaeso segnis inersque  
 vocer.  
 te spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora,  
 et teneam moriens deficiente manu.

## TO DELIA

I ASK no harvest rich, no garnered store,  
Such as in ancient times our fathers blest ;  
A little crop enough for me, no more,  
If I on wonted couch my limbs may rest !

'Tis sweet to hear the wild winds rage outside,  
While to my heart the best-beloved I  
strain ;  
When South wind opes its chilly flood-gates  
wide,  
To sleep secure, lulled by the pattering  
rain.

This lot be mine ! Let him be rich with right,  
Who braves drear rain and fury of the  
deep,  
But sooner perish gold and emeralds bright  
E'er maiden o'er my journeyings shall  
weep !

· · · · ·  
Near thee, my Delia, fame is nought to me ;  
Me as a recreant idler men may brand,  
So I in my last hour may gaze on thee,  
And, dying, hold thee with relaxing hand !

flebis in arsuro positum me, Delia, lecto,  
tristibus et lacrimis oscula mixta dabis.  
flebis : non tua sunt duro praecordia ferro  
vincta, neque in tenero stat tibi corde  
silex.

illo non iuvenis poterit de funere quisquam  
lumina, non virgo sicca referre domum.  
tu Manes ne laede meos, sed parce solutis  
crinibus et teneris, Delia, parce genis.  
interea, dum fata sinunt, iungamus amores :  
iam veniet tenebris Mors adoperta caput,  
iam subrepet iners aetas ; nec amare decebit,  
dicere nec cano blanditias capite.  
nunc levis est tractanda Venus, dum frangere  
postes  
non pudet et rixas inseruisse iuvat.  
hic ego dux milesque bonus :

Over my bier, O Delia, thou wilt weep,  
Through falling tears thy kisses warm  
imprint ;  
No iron in its bonds thy heart can keep,  
'Tis tenderness itself, no stony flint !

From those sad rites will neither youth nor  
maid  
With eye undimmed to home again repair ;  
I pray thee, Delia, vex not my poor shade,  
Spare damask cheek, nor tear thy stream-  
ing hair !

Come, let us join our loves while Fates invite ;  
Death cowled in gloom is waiting at the  
door,  
Dull age creeps on and when the hair is white  
Love and endearing words beseem no more.

Light love, be this thine hour, while still we  
may  
With brow unblushing through the portals  
break,  
Laugh to recall the brawls of many a day ;  
Here captain and a soldier brave I make !

## LIB. I

## V

ASPER eram et bene discidium me ferre  
loquebar :  
at mihi nunc longe gloria fortis abest.  
namque agor, ut per plana citus sola verbere  
turben,  
quem celer adsueta versat ab arte puer.  
ure ferum et torque, libeat ne dicere  
quicquam  
magnificum post haec : horrida verba  
doma.  
parce tamen, per te furtivi foedera lecti,  
per venerem quaeso compositumque caput.  
ille ego, cum tristi morbo defessa iaceres,  
te dicor votis eripuisse meis ;  
ipseque te circum lustravi sulphure puro,  
carmine cum magico praecinuisset anus ;  
ipse procuravi ne possent saeva nocere  
somnia, ter sancta deveneranda mola ;  
ipse ego velatus filo tunicisque solutis  
vota novem Triviae nocte silente dedi.

## TO DELIA

Of late I thought that I could bear to part :

Alas ! my boast of fortitude was vain ;  
Like a swift top, whipp'd by boys' cunning  
art

O'er level ground, so am I whirled again.

Burn, torture him who savage is and wild,  
Tame his rough words that he may prate  
no more ;

Yet, by the happy hours our love beguil'd,  
And thy head laid by mine, spare, I  
implore !

I, I am he, who by my fervent prayer  
Snatch'd thee from out the grip of sickness  
fell ;

Lustrations with pure sulphur were my care,  
When ancient dame had chanted magic  
spell.

Three sprinklings with the sacred grain I  
made  
To ward off evil dreams that might molest :  
In silent nights, nine vows to Trivia paid,  
In fillet and ungirded tunic drest.

omnia persolvi : fruitur nunc alter amore,  
et precibus felix utitur ille meis.  
at mihi felicem vitam, si salva fuisses,  
fingebam, demens et renuente deo.  
Rura colam ; frugumque aderit mea Delia  
custos,  
area dum messes sole calente teret ;  
aut mihi servabit plenis in lintribus uvas  
pressaque veloci candida musta pede ;  
consuescit numerare pecus ; consuescit  
amantis  
garrulus in dominae ludere verna sinu.  
illa deo sciet agricolae pro vitibus uvam,  
pro segete spicas, pro grege ferre dapem.  
illa regat cunctos, illi sint omnia curae :  
at iuvet in tota me nihil esse domo.

35 haec mihi fingebam quae nunc Eurusque  
Notusque  
iactat odoratos vota per Armenios.

All I performed. The fruit of this my prayer  
Another reaps, enjoys love by thy side :  
This happy life I dreamed with thee to share  
So thou wert spared ! Poor fool ! a God  
denied.

Myself should till the ground ; at threshing  
floor,

Delia should guard the crops in summer  
heat,

Watch while the grapes in brimming troughs  
they pour,

Or tread the vintage white with nimble  
feet.

She'd count the flock : the prattling slave-  
child teach

Fearless within its Mistress' arms to play ;  
Offering for vine, for flock, for harvest—  
each

Before the God of husbandmen should lay.

Delia should rule,—all care be in her hands ;  
Gladly a cipher in my house I'd be !

Alas ! to fragrant, far Armenian lands  
My dreams are blown by winds across the  
sea !

## LIB. III

## XIV

INVISUS natalis adest, qui rure molesto  
et sine Cerintho tristis agendum erit.  
dulcissimus urbe quid est? an villa sit apta  
puellae  
atque Arretino frigidus amnis agro?  
iam, nimium Messalla mei studiose, quiescas  
non tempestivae, saeve propinque, viae.  
hic animum sensusque meos abducta relinquo,  
arbitrio quam vis non sinit esse meo.

A BIRTHDAY WITHOUT  
CERINTHUS

THAT hated birthday now draws near  
which I, alas !

Far from Cerinthus, in a region drear,  
must pass.

Nought sweeter than the town, I hold ;  
is country meet,

Arretian land with river cold,  
for maiden's feet ?

Messalla, kinsman mine, so great  
in care of me,

Would with your journey you could wait  
till fit time be !

Yet if you carry me away  
against my will ;  
I leave my heart, my soul, to stay  
behind me still !

## LIB. III

## XVII

ESTNE tibi, Cerinthe, tuae pia cura puellae,  
quod mea nunc vexat corpora fessa calor ?  
a ! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos  
optarim, quam te si quoque velle putem.  
at mihi quid prosit morbos evincere, si tu  
nostra potes lento pectore ferre mala ?

TO CERINTHUS—FROM  
A SICK BED

CERINTHUS, art thou troubled that I lie  
Aweary, fevered, on this bed of pain ?  
Ah me ! I would surrender all and die  
Did'st thou not long to have me well again !  
For, could'st thou bear my ills with tranquil  
mind,  
What joy in sickness vanquish'd could I find ?



PROPERTIUS

## LIB. I

## VIII. A

TUNE igitur demens, nec te mea cura  
moratur ?  
an tibi sum gelida vilior Illyria ?  
et tibi iam tanti, quicumquest, iste videtur,  
ut sine me vento quolibet ire velis ?  
tune audire potes vesani murmura ponti  
fortis et in dura nave iacere potes ?  
tu pedibus teneris positas fulcire pruinas,  
tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives ?  
o utinam hibernae duplicantur tempora  
brumae,  
et sit iners tardis navita Vergiliis ;  
nec tibi Tyrrhena solvatur funis harena,  
neve inimica meas elevet aura preces.

TO CYNTHIA : ON HER INTENDED  
VOYAGE TO ILLYRIA

ARE you then mad ? Can love for me not  
stay you,

Or prize you cold Illyria more than me ?

Will you then leave me, will no wind dismay  
you,

Is he so much to you, who'er he be ?

To raging ocean can you bravely listen,

Or find on bare, hard ship your night's  
repose ?

Press with your tender feet cold ways that  
glisten

With frost, my Cynthia, and unwonted  
snows ?

Would that the stormy winter's length were  
doubled !

That Pleiads late made mariners to stay,  
On Tyrrhene shore your cable lay untroubled  
Nor unkind wind would waft my prayer  
away !

atque ego non videam tales subsidere ventos,  
cum tibi proiectas auferet unda rates ;  
et me defixum vacua patiatur in ora  
crudelem infesta saepe vocare manu.  
sed quocumque modo de me, periura,  
mereris,  
sit Galatea tuae non aliena viae,  
ut te felici praevecta Ceraunia remo  
accipiat placidis Oricos aequoribus.  
nam me non ullaे poterunt corrumpere  
taedae,  
quin ego, vita, tuo limine verba querar ;  
nec me deficiet nautas rogitare citatos  
“ dicite, quo portu clausa puella meast ? ”  
et dicam “ licet Autaricis considat in oris,  
et licet Hylleis, illa futura meast.”

Dazed with despair, on lonely strand you'd  
leave me,  
To call you harsh, in threat'ning clench  
my hand ;  
Yet were your favouring breeze to sink,  
t'would grieve me  
If once the waves had borne your ship  
from land.

False though you be—of your deserts  
unheeding,  
May Galatea guard your journeyings wide ;  
By the Ceraunian rocks your good oars  
speeding,  
Till at calm Oricus your bark abide !

For me, no woman's wiles shall make me  
wander,  
Loud at your door, my Life, will I lament ;  
Eager I'll ask the sailors summoned yonder—  
“ Say, in what haven calm my love is pent ?  
Though in Athracian or Hyllean coasts is  
she ”—  
Thus will I speak, “ mine, mine she yet shall  
be ! ”

## LIB. I

## VIII. B

Hic erit ! hic iurata manet ! rumpantur  
iniqui !

vicimus : adsiduas non tulit illa preces.  
falsa licet cupidus deponat gaudia livor :  
destitit ire novas Cynthia nostra vias.  
illi carus ego et per me carissima Roma  
dicitur, et sine me dulcia regna negat.  
illa vel angusto mecum requiescere lecto  
et quocumque modo maluit esse mea,  
quam sibi dotatae regnum vetus Hippo-  
damiae,  
et quas Elis opes ante pararat equis.

## TO CYNTHIA

## THE VOYAGE ABANDONED

THE jealous may rage. She is here—she will stay,

She has sworn it, I conquer, my prayers now prevail !

My Cynthia no more on far courses will sail ;  
Grasping envy may put joys delusive away.

She says I am dear, Rome most dear for my sake ;

Without me no charm in a kingdom could be ;  
She would rest on the humblest of couches with me ;

On any terms rather be mine than e'en take  
Rich Hippodamia's realm dower'd of yore,  
Or the wealth that the steeds brought to Elis before !

quamvis magna daret, quamvis maiora  
daturus,  
non tamen illa meos fugit avara sinus.  
hanc ego non auro, non Indis flectere conchis,  
sed potui blandi carminis obsequio.  
sunt igitur Musae, neque amanti tardus  
Apollo,  
quis ego fretus amo : Cynthia rara meast.  
nunc mihi summa licet contingere sidera  
plantis :  
sive dies seu nox venerit, illa meast.  
nec mihi rivalis certos subducit amores :  
ista meam norit gloria canitiem.

He offered great gifts, promised greater ere  
long,

But gain tempted her not from my bosom to  
stray.

Not with pearl shells of India nor gold did I  
pray,—

To the homage she bent of persuasive sweet  
song.

There are Muses ! He hears me, Apollo  
divine,

The lover who trusts him,—rare Cynthia is  
mine !

The loftiest star under-foot I now tread ;  
She is mine, evermore, come day or come  
night,

To steal love so steadfast no rival has might,  
This will yet be my glory when white is my  
head !

## LIB. I

## XIX

NON ego nunc tristes vereor, mea Cynthia,  
Manes,  
nec moror extremo debita fata rogo ;  
sed ne forte tuo careat mihi funus amore,  
hic timor est ipsis durior exequiis.  
non adeo leviter nostris puer haesit ocellis,  
vt meus oblito pulvis amore vacet.  
illic Phylacides iucundae coniugis heros  
non potuit caecis inmemor esse locis,  
sed cupidus falsis attingere gaudia palmis  
Thessalus antiquam venerat umbra domum.  
illic quicquid ero, semper tua dicar imago :  
traicit et fati littora magnus amor.  
illic formosae veniant chorus heroinae,  
quas dedit Argivis Dardana praeda viris ;  
quarum nulla tua fuerit mihi, Cynthia, forma  
gratior et Tellus hoc ita iusta sinat.  
quamvis te longae remorentur fata senectae,  
cara tamen lacrimis ossa futura meis.

## TO CYNTHIA

'Tis not the gloomy world of shades I fear,  
Nor fatal pyre that mortal debt will claim ;  
Dread lest I miss thy love when Death draws  
near,  
This, Cynthia, is more cruel than funeral  
flame.

The boy-god to my eyes did cleave so fast  
That in my dust love's memory must last !

Phylacides, Thessalian hero old,  
Mindful of his sweet love on that dim shore,  
Longing in phantom arms his joy to hold,  
To his dear home a shadow came once  
more ;  
Known as thy shade shall I be in that gloom,  
So great a love o'ershoots the shores of  
Doom !

Come, ghosts of women most divinely fair,  
The Dardan spoil of Argive men of might ;  
None, Cynthia, can surpass thy beauty rare :  
Let the just Earth allow this as thy right :  
Should Fate decree thee ling'ring age and slow,  
Yet o'er thy dear dead bones my tears will  
flow.

quae tu viva mea possis sentire favilla !  
tum mihi non ullo mors sit amara loco.  
quam vereor, ne te contempto, Cynthia,  
busto  
abstrahat e nostro pulvere iniquus Amor,  
cogat et invitam lacrimas siccare cadentes :  
flectitur adsiduis certa puella minis.  
quare, dum licet, internos laetemur amantes ;  
non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.

Oh, could I know that thus thy heart would  
feel

For my charr'd embers, Death would lose  
its sting !

Cynthia, I fear lest lawless Passion steal  
Thee from my dust, scorn on my tomb  
should fling,

Force thee against thy will thy tears to dry—  
Can Loyalty's self his constant threats defy ?

Glad lovers let us be while yet we may—  
Not long enough for love is time's short day !

## LIB. I

## XVIII

HAEC certe deserta loca et taciturna querenti,  
et vacuum Zephyri possidet aura nemus :  
hic licet occultos proferre inpune dolores,  
si modo sola queant saxa tenere fidem.  
unde tuos primum repetam, mea Cynthia,  
fastus ?

quod mihi das flendi, Cynthia, principium ?  
qui modo felices inter numerabar amantes,  
nunc in amore tuo cogor habere notam.  
quid tantum merui ? quae te mihi crimina  
mutant ?  
an nova tristitiae causa puella tuae ?  
sic mihi te referas, levis, ut non altera nostro  
limine formosos intulit ulla pedes.

## TO CYNTHIA

## A PLAINT IN SOLITUDE

HERE in these solitudes, which nevermore  
will tell

My sad lament,

In empty grove, where only Zephyrs dwell,

Grief may find vent ;

The rocks shall hear, if they can guard them  
well,

My woes long pent.

From what, my Cynthia, must I seek to trace  
Thy scorn of me ?

When did these tears, O Cynthia, on my face  
Begin to be ?

A happy lover once, now in disgrace  
Myself I see !

What sins of mine deserved this change so  
drear ?

Dost knit thy brow

O'er rival fair ? As I would have thee here,  
Light one, I vow

No pretty feet have crossed this threshold,  
Dear,

But thine till now !

quamvis multa tibi dolor hic **meus** aspera  
debet,  
non ita saeva tamen venerit ira mea,  
ut tibi sim merito semper furor et tua flendo  
lumina deiectis turpia sint lacrimis.  
an quia parva damus mutato signa calore,  
et non ulla **meo** clamat in ore fides ?  
vos eritis testes, si quos habet arbor amores,  
fagus et Arcadio pinus amica deo.  
a quotiens teneras resonant mea verba sub  
umbras,  
scribitur et vestris Cynthia corticibus !  
an tua quot peperit nobis iniuria curas,  
quae solum tacitis cognita sunt foribus !

Although my grief reprisals sharp and stern

To thee doth owe,

My righteous wrath shall not so fiercely burn,

Nor fury glow,

That dim and blurr'd thine eyes through weeping turn,

While tears down flow !

Is't nought, this colour chang'd, this loyalty true

My features wear ?

Ye trees—if trees have loves—I call on you  
Witness to bear,

Beeches and, dear to God Arcadian's view,  
The pine-tree fair !

Oft to my words your tender shades resound ;

And graven deep,

Upon your trunks lo ! “ Cynthia ” is found  
Ah ! what I weep

When thou art harsh, *this* silent doors are bound

Secret to keep !

omnia consuevi timidus perferre superbae  
iussa neque arguto facta dolore queri.  
pro quo dumosi montes et frigida rupes  
et datur in culto tramite dura quies ;  
et quodcumque meae possunt narrare  
querelae,  
cogor ad argutas dicere solus aves.  
sed qualiscumque's, resonent mihi "Cynthia"  
silvae,  
nec deserta tuo nomine saxa vacent.

My lady's proud commands I meekly take,  
Faint-hearted grown !

No doleful babbling of her deeds I make.

What thanks are shewn ?

Cold rock, hard rest, the mountains' tangled,  
brake,

And by-ways lone !

To twitt'ring birds alone I must impart  
My grief and shame.

Yet echoing woods shall—whatsoe'er thou  
art—

“Cynthia” proclaim,  
And desert rocks be tenanted, Sweetheart,  
By thy dear name !

## LIB. I

## XIV

Tu licet abiectus Tiberina molliter unda  
Lesbia Mentoreo vina bibas opere,  
et modo tam celeres mireris currere lntres  
et modo tam tardas funibus ire rates,  
et nemus unde satas intendat vertice silvas,  
urgetur quantis Caucasus arboribus :  
non tamen ista meo valeant contendere  
amori :  
nescit Amor magnis cedere divitiis.  
nam sive optatam mecum trahit illa  
quietem,  
seu facili totum ducit amore diem,  
tum mihi Pactoli veniunt sub tecta liquores,  
et legitur Rubris gemma sub aequoribus :

## TO TULLUS

## IN PRAISE OF LOVE

By Tiber's flood you may be softly lying,  
Quaffing, from cup of Mentor, Lesbian  
wine,  
Now watching skiffs to ocean swiftly flying.  
Now barges slow that tug at heavy line.

Your grove may stretch its wooded crest up  
yonder,  
Trees 'neath whose mass great Caucasus  
would bend ;  
Nought is this all compared with my love's  
wonder,  
Love gives not place to riches without end.

If at my side sweet slumber should be sent  
her,  
Or in unclouded love the whole day flee,  
Streams of Pactolus in my dwelling enter,  
Gems that are gathered from the deep Red  
Sea.

tum mihi cessuros spondent mea gaudia  
reges :  
quae maneant, dum me fata perire volent.  
nam quis divitiis adverso gaudet Amore ?  
nulla mihi tristi praemia sint Venere.  
illa potest magnas heroum infringere vires,  
illa etiam duris mentibus esse dolor.  
illa neque Arabium metuit transcendere  
limen,  
nec timet ostrino, Tulle, subire toro  
et miserum toto iuvenem versare cubili :  
quid relevant variis serica textilibus ?  
quae mihi dum placata aderit, non ulla  
verebor  
regna aut Alcinoi munera despicere.

No king can touch my joy's unbounded  
measure ;

May it be mine till Fates decree my Doom !  
If Love should frown, who could delight in  
treasure ?

Worthless a prize to me, Love wrapped in  
gloom !

Venus subdues the heroes great and peerless,  
E'en from hard hearts she forces moan and  
sigh ;

O'er threshold of Arabian onyx, fearless  
To purple couch, O Tullus, she draws nigh.

What help in woven stuffs, in silks the rarest,  
To the poor youth with fever toss'd the  
while ?

For me, Alcinous' gifts, yea, kingdoms  
fairest,  
I scorn so long my Love will on me smile !

## LIB. II

## XII

Quicumque ille fuit puerum qui pinxit  
Amorem,  
nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus ?  
hic primum vidit sine sensu vivere amantes  
et levibus curis magna perire bona.  
idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,  
fecit et humano corde volare deum ;  
scilicet alterna quoniam iactamur in unda,  
nostraque non ullis permanet aura locis :  
et merito hamatis manus est armata  
sagittis,  
et pharetra ex umero Gnosia utroque  
iacet ;  
ante ferit quoniam, tuti quam cernimus  
hostem,  
nec quisquam ex illo volnere sanus abit.  
in me tela manent, manet et puerilis imago :  
sed certe pennas perdidit ille suas ;  
evolat heu ! nostro quoniam de pectore  
nusquam  
adsiduusque meo sanguine bella gerit.

## LOVE'S EQUIPMENT

Do you not think that he had art  
Who pictured Cupid first as boy ?

He saw fond lovers choose  
Fancies that pass, and lose  
The greater joy !

So love might fly o'er human heart,  
Unto the God light wings he gave ;  
For favouring breezes veer,  
We toss, now there, now here,  
From wave to wave !

With darts equipped, o'er shoulders both  
A Cretan quiver see him throw !

We feel secure but he  
Smites ere the foe we see,  
None scatheless go !

His arrows stay ; the boy is loth  
To leave my breast, he will remain ;  
His wings are lost ! With rage  
Unceasing war he'll wage  
In every vein.

qui tibi iucundumst siccis habitare medullis ?  
si pudor est, alio traice tela tua !  
intactos isto satius temptare veneno :  
non ego, sed tenuis vapulat umbra mea.  
quam si perdideris, quis erit qui talia cantet  
(haec mea Musa levis gloria magna tuast),  
qui caput et digitos et lumina nigra puellae  
et canat ut soleant molliter ire pedes.

To dwell in dried-up hearts, why care ?  
Shame, boy ! Avaunt ! Thy weapons try  
On those who have not met  
Thy poison fell as yet.

No longer I,  
My phantom must these tortures bear !  
Destroy me, who is left to sing ?  
My Muse, though slight her lays,  
Hymning my mistress' praise  
Yet glory brings

To thee ! Who then the tapering hands the  
gliding gait  
The shapely head and coal-black eyes would  
celebrate ?

## LIB. II

## XXVII

AT vos incertam, mortales, funeris horam  
 quaeritis, et qua sit mors aditura via,  
 quaeritis et caelo, Phoenicum inventa,  
 sereno,  
 quae sit stella homini commoda quaeque  
 mala,  
 seu pedibus Parthos sequimur seu classe  
 Britannos,  
 et maris et terrae caeca pericla viae.  
 rursus et obiectum fles tu caput esse  
 tumultu,  
 cum Mavors dubias miscet utrimque  
 manus ;  
 praeterea domibus flamمام metiusque  
 ruinas,  
 neu subeant labris pocula nigra tuis.  
 solus amans novit, quando periturus et a qua  
 morte, neque hic Boreae flabra neque arma  
 timet.  
 iam licet et Stygia sedeat sub harundine remex,  
 cernat et infernae tristia vela ratis :  
 si modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellae,  
 concessum nulla lege redibit iter.

## LOVE AND DESTINY

AH, mortal men ! ye ever seek to know  
The hour of doom and whence grim Death  
shall tread,  
By lore Phoenician force clear skies to show  
The star propitious and the star to dread,  
Dark perils as we chase the enemy,  
Parthians by land or Britons by the sea.

Weeping ye look on uproar fierce and dire,  
When Mars' great hosts in doubtful con-  
flict fight ;  
Ye fear lest houses fall or burn with fire,  
Or to your lips steal cups with poison rife.

None but the lover knows Death's time,  
Death's way,  
He fears no battle's rage, no northern  
gales ;  
Though oar in hand by reedy Styx he stay,  
Gazing on Charon's raft with sullen sails,  
Yet if recalled by breath of his Love's cry,  
He will return, though Law itself deny !



V  
OVID

G

## LEANDER HERONI

## EPISTULA XVII

MITTIT Abydenus, quam mallet ferre, salutem,  
si cadat unda maris, Sesti puella, tibi.

53 Interea, dum cuncta negant ventique  
fretumque,  
mente agito furti tempora prima mei.  
nox erat incipiens (namquest meminisse  
voluptas),  
cum foribus patriis egrediebar amans ;  
nec mora, deposito pariter cum veste timore  
iactabam liquido bracchia lenta mari ;  
luna fere tremulum praebebat lumen eunti  
ut comes in nostras officiosa vias.

77 Unda repercussae radiabat imagine lunae,  
et nitor in tacita nocte diurnus erat ;  
nullaque vox usquam, nullum veniebat ad  
aures  
praeter dimotae corpore murmur aquae ;  
Aclyones solae, memores Ceycis amati,  
nescio quid visae sunt mihi dulce queri.

## LEANDER TO HERO

I, of Abydos, wish thee, Sestian maid,  
All health ! Would I could cross the raging  
sea !

Meantime, while winds and waves my wish  
deny,

Let me live o'er those first sweet, stol'n hours !  
The night had come, (ah, sweet the mem'ry  
yet !)

A lover from my father's gates I sped ;  
In haste, my fear and garment both flung off,  
I clove with supple arm the limpid deep,  
While, as a comrade kind, the moon shed  
forth

Upon my way at times a quiv'ring light ;

The waters with her mirror'd image shone,  
And silent night was bright as is the day ;  
All sounds were hush'd, and to my ear came  
nought

But plash of water yielding to my stroke,  
Save that for Ceyx lov'd, the halcyons true  
Utter'd I know not what of sweet lament.

iamque fatigatis umero sub utroque  
 lacertis  
 fortiter in summas erigor altus aquas ;  
 ut procul aspexi lumen, "meus ignis in  
 illost :  
 illa meum " dixi "litora lumen habent ! "  
 et subito lassis vires rediere lacertis,  
 visaque, quam fuerat, mollior unda  
 mihi :  
 frigora ne possim gelidi sentire profundi.

. . . . .

101 Excipis amplexu feliciaque oscula iungis,  
 oscula, di magni ! trans mare digna peti,  
 eque tuis demptos umeris mihi tradis  
 amictus  
 et madidam siccas aequoris imbre comam.

. . . . .

107 Non magis illius numerari gaudia noctis  
 Hellespontiaci quam maris alga potest.

. . . . .

117 Digredimur flentes, repetoque ego Virginis  
 aequor  
 respiciens dominam, dum licet, usque  
 meam.

My arms all weary from the shoulder down,  
I strove to lift myself on crest of wave ;  
    There gleam'd a light afar :  
“ It is my love that yonder glows,” I  
cried,  
“ My light shines on those shores ! ”  
Then to my tired arms fresh strength  
return'd,  
The waves seemed less resisting than before,  
And with such love my throbbing breast was  
warm'd,  
I felt no more the waters' icy chill !

. . . . .

At length, clasp'd close, kisses so sweet thou  
giv'st,  
Worth, ye great Gods, the crossing of a sea !  
In thine own mantle dost thou wrap me  
round,  
And dry the salt sea water from my hair.  
As easy count the weeds of Hellespont,  
As reckon up the raptures of that night !

. . . . .

With tears we part, and, from the Virgin's  
Sea,  
My eyes are fixed on thee till lost to view.

siqua fides verost, veniens hinc esse natator,  
cum redeo, videor naufragus esse mihi ;  
hoc quoque, si credis : ad te via prona  
videtur ;  
a te cum redeo, clivus inertis aquae.

125 Ei mihi ! cur animis iuncti secernimur undis,  
unaque mens, tellus non habet una duos ?

131 Iam nostros curvi norunt delphines amores,  
ignotum nec me piscibus esse reor ;  
iam patet attritus solitarum limes aquarum  
non aliter multa quam via pressa rota.

Believe me, swimmer strong to thee I went,  
Back as a shipwreck'd mariner I come,  
And waters that towards thee sloped gently  
down,  
Pile up their sluggish height as I return !

Ah me ! should waves divide  
Two souls thus join'd ? Those one in mind  
should dwell  
Within the self-same land !

Now do the curvèd dolphins know our love,  
The very fishes are acquaint with me ;  
A beaten track through the lone waves is  
worn,  
As highway marked by many a passing wheel !

## HERO LEANDRO

## EPISTULA XVIII

QUAM mihi misisti verbis, Leandre, salutem  
 ut possim missam rebus habere, veni !  
 longa morast nobis omnis, quae gaudia  
 differt ;  
 da veniam fassae : non patienter amo !  
 urimur igne pari, sed sum tibi viribus inpar :  
 fortius ingenium suspicor esse viris ;  
 ut corpus, teneris ita mens infirma puellis :  
 deficiam, parvi temporis adde moram !  
 vos modo venando, modo rus geniale colendo  
 pontis in varia tempora longa mora ;  
 aut fora vos retinent aut unctae dona  
 palaestrae,  
 flectitis aut freno colla sequacis equi ;  
 nunc volucrem laqueo, nunc piscem ducitis  
 hamo ;  
 diluitur posito senior hora mero :  
 his mihi summote, vel si minus acriter urar,  
 quod faciam, superest praeter amare nihil.  
 quod superest, facio ; teque, o mea sola  
 voluptas,  
 plus quoque, quam redi quod mihi possit,  
 amo.

. . . . .

## HERO TO LEANDER

Now should the health thou wishest me in  
words

Be mine in deed, Leander, come thyself !

Long each delay that doth postpone our joys ;  
Forgive me, but I cannot love with calm.

Thy peer I am in fervour, not in strength ;  
Man's nature stronger is than ours, I think ;  
A frail girl's mind is, like her body, weak.

A little more delay, and I may faint !

In many ways men pass the tedious hours,  
Now hunting, or now tilling fertile soil ;  
The courts, the wrestling prize your thoughts  
engage,

Or with the rein you guide the answering  
horse ;

You snare the bird, you catch the fish with  
hook,

And drown the later hours with wine and  
mirth.

But I have none of these, and nought remains,  
Even if less I glow'd, than just to love !

That which is left, I do,—and love thee so,  
My only joy ! as thou cans't ne'er return,

• • • • •

27 saepe tui, specto, si sint in litore passus,  
 inpositas tamquam servet harena notas,  
 utque rogem de te et scribam tibi, si quis  
 Abydo  
 venerit, aut, quaero, si quis Abydon eat ;

33 Sic ubi lux actast et noctis amicior hora  
 exhibuit pulso sidera clara die,  
 protinus in summo vigilantia lumina tecto  
 ponimus, adsuetae signa notamque viae,  
 tortaque versato ducentes stamina fuso  
 feminea tardas fallimus arte moras.  
 quid loquar interea tam longo tempore,  
 quaeris ?  
 nil nisi Leandri nomen in ore meost.  
 “iamne putas excisse domo mea gaudia,  
 nutrix,  
 an vigilant omnes, et timet ille suos ?  
 iamne suas umeris illum deponere vestes,  
 pallade iam pingui tinguere membra  
 putas ? ”  
 adnuit illa fere, non nostra quod oscula curet,  
 sed movet obrepens somnus anile caput ;  
 postque morae minimum “iam certe navigat”  
 inquam  
 “lentaque dimotis bracchia iactat aquis ”

Often I seek thy foot-prints on the shore,  
As though the sand thy traces must retain !  
To hear of thee, or write to thee, I ask  
Who from Abydos comes or thither goes.

But when light fades, when day is banished  
far,  
And tenderer hour of night shows stars that  
shine,  
I set the watch-light in the highest tower,  
As guide and signal for thy wonted way ;  
The turning spindle's twisted threads I ply,  
And cheat the loitering hours with women's  
arts.

My converse would you know in vigil long ?  
Leander's name alone is on my lips.

“ What think you, nurse,” I ask,  
“ Is he now setting forth, or fears my love  
His parents' watchful eyes ?

Casts he his mantle from his shoulders off,  
Or does he now anoint his limbs with oil ? ”  
She nods ; our kisses are not in her thoughts.  
But sleep steals on and shakes her aged head ;  
Then after pause : “ He surely swims,” I cry,  
“ With pliant arm he now divides the  
waves ! ”

paucaque cum tacta perfeci stamina terra,  
an medio possis, quaerimus, esse freto,  
et modo prospicimus, timida modo voce  
precamur,  
ut tibi det faciles utilis aura vias ;  
auribus incertas voces captamus et omnem  
adventus strepitum credimus esse tui :  
sic ubi deceptae pars est mihi maxima noctis  
acta, subit furtim lumina fessa sopor.

. . . . .

And when some finished threads have reached  
the ground,  
I ask if thou art half-way o'er the sea ;  
Anon I look abroad, anon I pray  
With faltering voice for breeze to smooth thy  
path ;  
My ears catch sounds confus'd, and every stir  
I think the herald of thy near approach.  
When, thus beguil'd, the long night wears  
away,  
Over my weary eyelids slumber creeps.

. . . . .



## VI

A WIFE'S LOVE

A PARENT'S LOVE

A BROTHER'S LOVE

A FRIEND'S LOVE

ON A FAVOURITE SLAVE-CHILD

LOVE OF A CHILD

## LIB. IV

## XI

DESINE, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere  
sepulcrum :  
panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces.  
cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,  
non exorato stant adamante viae.  
te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae :  
nempe tuas lacrimas littora surda bibent.  
vota movent superos : ubi portitor aera  
recepit,  
obserat umbrosos lurida porta rogos.  
sic maestae cecinere tubae, cum subdita  
nostrum  
detraheret lecto fax inimica caput.  
quid mihi coniugium Paulli, quid currus  
avorum  
profuit aut famae pignora tanta meae ?  
num minus inmites habuit Cornelia Parcas :  
et sum, quod digitis quinque levatur,  
onus.

## A WIFE'S LOVE

ELEGY FOR THE TOMB OF A NOBLE ROMAN  
LADY, CORNELIA, DAUGHTER OF CORNEL-  
IUS SCIPIO AND WIFE OF L. AEMILIUS  
PAULLUS.

CEASE, Paullus, to distress with tears my tomb!  
To no entreaties will the black gate yield ;  
When 'neath infernal law the dead have come,  
The ways relentless adamant has sealed.

Though God of dusky hall may hear thy  
prayer,  
Yet will thy tears be drunk by heedless  
shore ;  
Vows more the Gods above, but, ta'en his fare,  
Charon shutt shady grave with his wan door.

The trumpets sad proclaimed this far and nigh  
When the devouring flames first touched  
my bier.

Of what avail ancestral triumphs high,  
Wedlock with Paullus, children, pledges  
dear ?

From the grim Fates did happier lot befall ?  
Five fingers lift my dust, a burden small.

73 nunc tibi commendo communia pignora  
natos :

haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.  
fungere maternis vicibus, pater : illa  
meorum  
omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.  
oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice  
matris :  
tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.  
et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis ;  
cum venient, siccis oscula falle genis !  
sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle,  
fatiges,  
somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam :  
atque ubi secreto nostra ad simulacra  
loqueris,  
vt responsurae singula verba iace.  
seu tamen adversum mutarit ianua lectum,  
sederit et nostro cauta noverca toro,  
coniugium, pueri, laudate et ferte paternum :  
capta dabit vestris moribus illa manus.  
nec matrem laudate nimis : collata priori  
vertet in offensas libera verba suas.

Our children dear I now commit to thee ;  
Deep in my ashes burnt, still breathes my  
care.

Father, be mother too—thy task must be  
My little brood about thy neck to bear.

When they shall weep, add to thy kisses  
mine ;

The burden of the house now on thee lies.

Let them not witness when sad hours are  
thine,

Deceive them in thy kisses with dry eyes.

Paullus, let nights suffice for moan and sigh,  
And dreams that oft take likeness of my  
face !

As if to all thy words I could reply,  
So to my image talk in secret place.

Should nuptial couch facing the door remove,  
And wary stepmother sit in my seat,

My sons, your father's choice bear and  
approve,

She will surrender to your conduct sweet.

Praise me not overmuch, lest words too free  
Comparing us, affront to her should be.

seu memor ille mea contentus manserit  
umbra  
et tanti cineres duxerit esse meos,  
discite venturam iam nunc le nire senectam,  
caelibis ad curas nec vacet ulla via.  
quod mihi detractumst, vestros accedat ad  
annos :  
prole mea Paullum sic iuvet esse senem.  
et bene habet : numquam mater lugubria  
sumpsi :  
venit in exequias tota caterva meas.

But if he mindful of my shade should stay,  
Content to give my dust such honour great,  
Watch the first signs of age, and bar the way  
To griefs that light on him who has no mate!

Those years be yours which from myself are  
torn ;  
My offspring, make their father's old age  
bright !  
All's well ! No mother's mourning have I  
worn,  
The whole flock followed to the funeral rite.

O DULCIS puer, o venuste Marce,  
o multi puer et meri leporis,  
festivi puer ingeni, valeto !  
ergo, cum virides vigens per annos  
aevi ver ageres novum tenelli,  
vidisti Stygias peremptus undas !  
tuum maestus avus, tuum propinquui  
os plenum lepida loquacitate  
et risus faciles tuos requirunt.  
te lusus, puer, in suos suëtos  
aequales vocitant tui frequenter.  
at surdus recubas trahisque somnos  
cunctis denique, Marce, dormiundos.

## A PARENT'S LOVE

## EPITAPH ON A BOY OF THIRTEEN

O MARCUS, sweet and winsome boy,  
Of charm most rare, without alloy,  
Thou child of joyous heart farewell !  
When life to thee in tenderest spring  
Its happy blossoming years should bring,  
'Twas thine by Stygian wave to dwell.  
Thy parent sad, thy kindred dear  
Thy merry prattle long to hear,  
And see the smiles so quick to leap.  
Thy playfellows oft call thy name  
To join them in their wonted game,  
But deaf thou liest in that sleep,  
Which all with thee at last must keep !

## CI

MULTAS per gentes et multa per acquora  
vectus

advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,  
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis  
et mutam nequiam alloquerer cinerem.  
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit  
ipsum,

heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,  
nunc tamen interea haec, prisco quae more  
parentum

tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,  
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,  
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

## A BROTHER'S LOVE

THROUGH many peoples, over waters vast,  
Brother, with these sad offerings I come,  
To pay the tribute Death demands, the last ;  
Now must I speak in vain to ashes dumb  
For Fate has ta'en thyself from me away,  
Alas, poor brother, cruelly snatched from  
me !

Meanwhile take these oblations sad I lay  
Here, as was wont in ancient times to be,  
Wet with a brother's tears that dropping fell ;  
For ever, brother, hail and fare thee well !

## LIB. II

## CARMEN XVII

CUR me querellis exanimas tuis ?  
nec dis amicum est nec mihi te prius  
obire, Maecenas, mearum  
grande decus columenque rerum.

ah te meae si partem animae rapit  
maturior vis, quid moror altera,  
nec carus aequa nec superstes  
integer ? ille dies utramque

ducet ruinam. non ego perfidum  
dixi sacramentum : ibimus, ibimus,  
utcunque praecedes, supremum  
carpere iter comites parati.

me nec Chimaerae spiritus igneae  
nec, si resurgat, centimanus Gyas  
divellet unquam : sic potenti  
Iustitiae placitumque Parcis.

## A FRIEND'S LOVE

TO MAECENAS

WHY with thy sad complainings harass me ?  
The Gods and I alike would troubled be  
Wert thou, Maecenas, first to die in whom  
My fortune's prop, my glory great I see.

If half my soul too soon were snatched away,  
Why longer should the other half delay,  
No more belov'd, a fragment incomplete ?  
We both should meet upon the self-same day

Our doom ! No faithless oath was this I  
swo're

When thou shalt lead, true comrades as of  
yore,  
Still hand in hand we both shall go, shall go  
Down that last road which we retrace no  
more !

Vain for Chimaera then to breathe out fire,  
Or hundred-handed Gyas rise in ire  
To sunder us ; that we united be  
Decrees of Justice and the Fates require.

seu Libra seu me Scorpions adspicit  
formidolosus, pars violentior  
natalis horae, seu tyrannus

Hesperiae Capricornus undae,

utrumque nostrum incredibili modo  
consentit astrum. te Iovis impio  
tutela Saturno refulgens  
eripuit volucrisque fati

tardavit alas, cum populus frequens  
laetum theatris ter crepuit sonum :  
me truncus illapsus cerebro  
sustulerat nisi, Faunus ictum

dextra levasset, Mercurialium  
custos virorum. reddere victimas  
aedemque votivam memento :  
nos humilem feriemus agnam.

If Libra or the Scorpion malign  
Ascendant stood on natal hour of mine,  
Or Capricorn, who rules Hesperian seas,  
I know not—but I know my star and thine

Ever accord in some mysterious way !  
Refulgent Jove, thy guardian, thee one day  
Rescued from out the impious Saturn's grasp,  
And bade Fate's swiftly - winging flight to  
stay ;

Thereat applause resounding thrice out-  
broke

Within the theatre from thronging folk ;  
A falling tree had crushed me to the earth,  
Had Faunus' hand not warded off the stroke ;

(Mercury's tribe 'tis his to shield from ill).  
The vows thou mad'st, forget not to fulfil  
With costly victims and a votive shrine !  
Me it beseems a humble lamb to kill.

## EPIGRAMMATON

## LIB. V

## XXXIV

HANC tibi, Fronto pater, genetrix Flaccilla,  
puellam  
oscula commendo deliciasque meas,  
parvola ne nigras horrescat Eroton umbras  
oraque Tartarei prodigiosa canis.  
inpletura fuit sextae modo frigora brumae,  
vixisset totidem ni minus illa dies.  
inter tam veteres ludat lasciva patronos  
et nomen blaeso garriat ore meum.  
mollia non rigidus caespes tegat ossa nec illi,  
terra, gravis fueris : non fuit illa tibi.

## ON A FAVOURITE SLAVE-CHILD

FRONTO, Flaccilla, parents, shield, I pray,  
Ereotion, my joy, my heart's delight,  
Lest vasty jaws of Hell's dread hound dismay,  
Or gloomy shades her little soul affright !

But six days more, and then six Winters cold  
Had made the measure small her life could  
claim.

Now may she frolic near her guardians old,  
And, in her prattle, sometimes lisp my  
name !

On that small form no turf rest heavily ;  
Lie light, O Earth, as was her foot on thee !

## LIB. X

## LXI

HIC festinata requiescit Eroton umbra,  
  crimine quam fati sexta peremit hiems.  
quisquis eris nostri post me regnator agelli,  
  manibus exiguis annua iusta dato :  
sic lare perpetuo, sic turba sospite solus  
  flebilis in terra sit lapis iste tua.

## LOVE OF A CHILD

SCARCE six years old, here doth Eroton lie,  
Too early called by cruel Fate to die !  
By future owner of this plot be paid  
Due rites each year to her poor little shade ;  
So may his house endure, no ill draw near,  
Nor other stone than this demand a tear !



VII

EPILOGUE

## PROPERTIUS

## LIB. II

## XI

SCRIBANT de te alii vel sis ignota licebit :  
laudet, qui sterili semina ponit humo.  
omnia, crede mihi, tecum uno munera lecto  
auferet extremi funeris atra dies :  
et tua transbit contemnens ossa viator,  
nec dicet " cinis hic docta puella fuit."

## EPILOGUE

PEOPLE may write of thee, or all unknown  
Thou may'st remain ;  
As seed that in the barren ground is sown,  
Their praise is vain !  
On that last day,  
Day black and drear,  
Death thee and all thy gifts shall lay  
On narrow bier ;  
Unheeding shall the traveller pass by,  
Nor pause to say,  
" Here ashes of a learned maiden lie ! "



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Krause, J.M. (tr.)

Love poems, translated from the Latin.

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